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[ONE PENNY.]

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Rev. C. W. Wendte, now in London, kindly sends us the following tribute to his friend, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, whose loss we all deplore:—

The recent death of the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the distinguished Unitarian clergyman, of Boston, and revered chaplain of the United States Senate at Washington, removes the last of the great leaders who, for half a century past, have made our religious fellowship in America respected for its intellectual ability and its eminent service to the community. Attaining the great age of 88 years, Dr. Hale retained his mental vigour and oratorical powers to the very last. The latest number of the *Boston Christian Register* contained an article from his hand, which testifies to this undiminished intellectual productivity. A prolific writer, a few of his books seem destined to an earthly immortality, notably his "Man Without a Country," which, appearing at a critical hour in the life of the great Republic, had a remarkable influence in inspiring the younger men of his time with patriotic ardour and devotion to their country's needs. It will remain a classic of American national literature.

Another of his books, bearing the whimsical title, "Ten Times One is Ten," was written to show the expansive power of human love, and has been a principal source of that movement to unite for humanitarian service and practical religion the younger members of the Christian community in associations such as the Lend a Hand Club, Christian Endeavour

Society, Epworth League, and the Young People's Guild. An orthodox historian of this movement, which has girdled the globe with a zone of beneficence and piety, attributes its origin chiefly to the quickening word and example of Edward Everett Hale. The most utterly unselfish and consecrated of men and ministers, he gave his life to the service of humanity, and has been, perhaps, the most loved citizen of the United States. All sects and churches, without exception, have felt his presence and word at their meetings to be an inspiration and an honour. The fervent apostle of temperance, of peace on earth, of universal brotherhood, his unflinching optimism made him the most effective of leaders for every unpopular cause.

His brilliant imagination and lively wit lent a rare charm to his public discourse. It was his especial merit to have early discovered that the emphasis of Christianity is, in our day, being removed more and more from theological discussion and ritual worship to practical religion and humanitarian service. He himself contributed much to this development by his noteworthy labours for the poor and sick, the oppressed, the unfortunate; labours which entitle him to the grateful memory of posterity and a high place among the philanthropists of the nineteenth century.

To those who were privileged to know Dr. Hale personally, he was the most genial of companions, the kindest of counsellors, the most infectious of exemplars. His departure, while long anticipated, because of his advanced age, will bring sadness to a vast number of his friends and admirers the world over. To the Unitarian Church particularly, his death will prove a great loss. He was ever loyal to its spiritual and practical interests. Its denominational activities in America are largely of his creation. He was, at the time of his death, our greatest living leader, and his name will ever be cherished by our fellowship, and associated with those of Channing, Parker Hedge, and Bellows, as the illustrious representative of a religion of reason and reverence, of freedom and fellowship, of love and service.

THE visit to Germany of representatives of the churches of this country in the interest of peace and international friendship has been carried out under the happiest conditions, and has been a great success. We must reserve a fuller account of the visit until next week, but may note here that it was a return visit, following the

cordial welcome given last year to representatives of the German churches in London, Cambridge and Scotland. The British party of well over a hundred members sailed from Dover on Monday week direct to Hamburg, where they received a splendid reception, as also later in Berlin. On Monday Potsdam was visited, and the party was received with the utmost cordiality by the Kaiser. An address was presented on behalf of the visitors by the English Ambassador, and the Kaiser in his reply addressed them as "Gentlemen and Brothers." Those words were significant of the spirit manifest in the whole reception. A number of personal presentations were then made, including, in addition to Mr. Allan Baker, M.P., leader of the party, the Earl of Meath, the Bishops of Hereford, Salisbury, and Southwark, the Rev. Evan Jones, president of the Evangelical Free Church Council, and Mr. John Harrison, President of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

WITH Mr. Allen Baker the Kaiser conversed from time to time in the friendliest manner, both before and after the other presentations. At the farewell banquet in Berlin on Monday evening, a telegram of regret for absence and of the sincerest sympathy with the object of the visit was received from the Imperial Chancellor. Among the speakers who have struck the truest notes in the course of the many speeches of the visit were the Bishop of Hereford, the Right Hon. John Edward Ellis, Dr. J. Estlin Carpenter, and the Bishop of Southwark. From Berlin the party went to Eisenach, and Bielefeld and Bremen, whence they return, and are due in Southampton to-morrow.

THE following, from the correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* for Monday, June 14, shows that it is not only peace with Germany but peace with one another, which is being strengthened by the visit of British clergymen to Germany:— "This Mission of the British Churches to Germany has already, before its work has well begun, produced a revelation and inspired a dream of future unity among the churches themselves that will not be allowed to fade when the mission in its individual part dissolves on its disembarkation at Southampton. It has been a revelation of possibilities. That sturdy Radical, the Rev. Evan Jones, described on the lower deck of the *Meleor* to a company of Anglicans, Nonconformists, and Catholic priests, the consternation that fell among the inhabitants of a Welsh village when it was announced that a Unitarian



was to preach in the big chapel! "What slippery times!" they exclaimed. After the sermon, however, the good Calvinistic Methodists looked at each other in bewilderment, and one vested with more authority than the others, declared, "We have listened this day to a man!" and they wanted to hear him again! The cornopoean rang forth the call to the last meal on board the *Meteor*, and the coterie of priests and laymen took their places at the tables, and amidst the clatter of crockery, there was such an exhibition of the unifying effects of friendly talk, laughter, and festivity that fully warranted the description applied to it by the Bishop of Hereford, in a noble speech at the close of the dinner, "I question if ever there has been such a gathering under one roof since Christianity was launched on its voyage of peace and goodwill!"<sup>22</sup>

THE following note from the *Christian Commonwealth* of June 9 seems also worthy of inclusion:—As Mr. Silvester Horne said, surely never since the days of Noah has such a strange collection of religious species been gathered together into one ship! Upon most of our common religious platforms the Unitarians find themselves excluded from the company of the faithful. We are glad to see that they will walk the decks with unimpeachable evangelicals in the interests of peace and the highest humanitarianism. We hope also that this may have a reflex action upon the general attitude towards Unitarians in narrower home questions; and that not simply co-operation, but frank recognition, may obtain with respect to a section of Christendom which has always been characterised by courageous loyalty to the truth and high-minded devotion to the common-weal.

THE Summer School of the Progressive League, held in Oxford during Whit week, is fully reported in the *Christian Commonwealth* of June 9. The welcome on behalf of Oxford was given by Dr. Carpenter, Principal of Manchester College. Dr. Carpenter is himself a member of the League. He expressed his relation towards it in the following words: "Perhaps I had better make the confession at the outset that I am not a Socialist, though I have deep sympathy with many of its principles, and believe earnestly in the extension as far as possible of what is known as collectivism in our social life. But one of the things that draws me most strongly to the movement which this league represents, is that you impose no creed either on the theological side of it or on the sociological, but you plant it firmly on the fundamental unity of our common life, and the need of developing that unity with the utmost possible freedom in the realms of thought and religion on the one hand, and of the organisation of society upon the other."

THE Rev. L. P. Jacks, M.A., read a paper to the Progressive League on "Judging Thought by its Results."<sup>23</sup> It is a paper full of Mr. Jacks' characteristic qualities, his power of language, his fertility of illustration, his capacity for making philosophical questions not only interesting, but even amusing. "In all the wide world of the things that challenge reflection there is

nothing I find so wonderful, and nothing which ultimately becomes so illuminating, as this faith of ours in the beneficence of progressive thought. Is it not an amazing thing that men should select the thinker as the one person on whom no restraints are to be imposed? The man who deals with ideas is handling the central forces of human life. Where will you find so dangerous a person as he? Look at his record. He is and has been the Prince of the Disturbers of Peace. It is he who allows humanity no rest. He is the chief wrecker of the world. He is the arch mischief-maker of history. Who can tell what the thinker will be after next? Who can tell on whose rooftop his lightnings will fall, or on what deepest interest his tempest will be let loose? Yet he is the one who claims liberty in widest measure and gets what he claims. He is the one to whom humanity gives a blank cheque on its moral and religious capital. He is the one to whose mercies we all submit. He is the one whom the League of Progressive Thought encourages to go to the greatest length." The conclusion of the whole matter is: "That the ultimate truth of things is good and worth knowing is a presupposition which lies concealed behind all the thinking of all the world. We make it unconsciously before we begin to think. The public make it when they encourage us to go on thinking." Mr. Jacks' paper is printed in full in the *Christian Commonwealth* of June 9.

THROUGH the columns of the *Christian World* Dr. Forsyth has addressed two interesting, if not convincing, letters "To a Young Minister on Certain Questions of the Hour." In the same paper appears an able reply from "A Village Pastor," who, dealing with the question of a starting-point, says, "While it is fully conceded that the Bible has undergone the same vicissitudes as other books, and contains errors and misconceptions in matters of history and science and so forth, it appears still to be held that the *theology* of the Bible remains infallible. This is impossible. There is nothing to show that the Apostles were miraculously guarded as to their theology any more than they were as to their history. The theology of the Bible is a part of the Bible, and is in no sense separated from the rest, or supernaturally guarded from error." This puts in a clear and concise way a proviso again and again ignored by conservative theologians and even overlooked by those who, like Dr. Forsyth, linger on the border line of liberalism.

In last week's *Christian World* J.B., writing with his usual brilliance, has a richly suggestive article on "Open-air Religion." After remarking that all the early religions were of the open-air, inspired largely by nature-worship, and that part of the charm of Christianity at its inception was its setting in beautiful Galilee, J.B. goes on to ask whether we are giving the place we should to the supply of oxygen as the basis of our physical life, and to the inspiring influences of Nature as the handmaid of religion. He continues: "We are discussing with great seriousness the decline in church attendance. We are attributing it to all sorts of reasons—to materialism,

the higher criticism, the want of faith, the decay of dogma. Has it occurred to us to consider this other reason—the want of air? Have we asked ourselves how far the week-end excursion, which so often takes the place of public worship, is the people's rush out of the lethal chamber, the poisoned room into which civilisation has thrust them? We have crammed our populace into stuffy cities; inmured them in close factories for their daily work, in closer living rooms for their nightly rest. It is a régime under which their frames dwindle, their lungs gasp, their blood deteriorates, their brains weaken, their enthusiasms die. Has the Church, to cure all this, nothing more to offer than her stuffy buildings, her gatherings in an unventilated air? If we can do no better than this, Nature, who has her own religious methods, will, sooner or later, make an end of the churches."<sup>24</sup>

THIS is bold, but needful, speaking; though our endorsement must not for a moment be regarded as giving countenance to the neglect of public worship, which, under right conditions, should ever be a means of grace, even to those who in the best sense are self-sufficient. There is so great a danger of overlooking the fact that not religion alone, but Nature also, is the maker of men. "What object-lessons,"<sup>25</sup> continues Mr. Brierley, "she is setting before us! On one side she produces a Western cowboy, rough, Sabbath-breaking, blasphemous, perhaps, but standing six feet in his stockings, virile, full-blooded in every inch of him, full of the strength and passion of life. At the other end she produces your anæmic city religionist, diligent in his devotions, but brooding, melancholic, feeble, whom no insurance office will accept. She is asking whether these two exhibits suggest no lesson to us? Whether the defects of the two do not suggest a possible blending; a blending of conditions, and so of qualities; whether the Church's endeavours should not be to produce a whole man instead of these two separate halves of a man."<sup>26</sup>

ANYONE visiting the old Unitarian Chapel at Lydgate in Yorkshire, cannot fail to be struck with the over-crowded state of the schoolroom, either when a week night meeting is being held or when the Sunday classes are being conducted. A bazaar is to be held in Lydgate Mill in July to raise funds for the purpose of building a new school. It is estimated that it will cost £1,050. Already more than £500 has been raised; and it is hoped that the bazaar effort will succeed in raising the rest of the amount. The announcement will be found in the advertisement columns.

"CONCERNING the Last Things," is the title chosen for the Rev. E. W. Lewis's new book, which will be published in a few days by Messrs. H. R. Allenson. For those who want a clear and concise statement of the great changes made in opinion during recent years regarding Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, and the Second Advent, this little book should provide their need.



## PROF. WILLIAM JAMES'S OXFORD LECTURES.\*

EXTREMES meet. The very same service which had been rendered to the spiritual life by one philosophy is now felt to be the gift and the blessing of just the opposite kind of philosophy. Such is the experience of minds that once upon a time fell under the spell and breathed the enchanting air of Spiritual Monism, or Absolute Idealism, or whatever mood of the modern spirit showed all the perplexing contrariety of life caught up into the shining vision of the One. The peculiar blessing of that astonishing and unforgettable moment in our experience was much more than an intellectual clearance and settlement of a difficulty. It consisted in the relief we experienced from an old embargo that had rested as a deadweight upon our faith and hope. We had been held in apparently unbreakable chains of logic which bound down our spirits and imprisoned our whole religious and spiritual nature. Our universe seemed to have no place or use for spirit, and ideals were strange sports of "epiphenomena." Then Idealism came, and lo! creation widened on our view. We saw how all things could be construed in the light of spirit. Reason itself, not mere blind faith, had spoken the word. In the very recesses of reason itself were discovered all the implications and presuppositions of our deepest religious aspirations. Once for all the hard reign of materialism and necessity and iron law was broken. From the flower in the crannied wall to the music of the spheres there was one unbroken path of *relations*, and these were universal, and they had their very being in mind, and the world opened up unending vistas for the conquering march of the spirit. Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive.

But where you have an absolute, you may have absolutism. A system of relations—even spiritual relations—may become too systematic. Idealism, the superb, poetic insight of a Wallace, may become a hard and fast and soulless intellectualism in the hands of a maker of text-books. There is a spiritualism that knows no God. A spiritual universe, we find, may be just as much a "block universe," as anything that the old-fashioned materialists fondly feigned, with just as little room for initiative and free play of spiritual purpose. Call necessity "spiritual," you do not make it any the less inexorable. Clearly, "idealism" may only be another kind of prison house; of a superior architecture, it is true, but promising equal duress.

It is from this, in turn, that another kind of idealism comes to deliver us; and if there be anything at all in the pragmatic test, it is by its success in this direction that Pluralism must be judged. And it must be admitted that here, once more, in this newer philosophy of Mr. James, men find the sense of enfranchisement, of relief, the permission to believe and live, which older systems with their block universe seemed to deny them. With a sharp and merciless dexterity for which we cannot be too thankful, Prof. James shears away the entanglements of "logic,"

and shows up the unreal and hollow nature of the "conceptualism" which creates for us more puzzles than it explains. Not even the materialism that was once rampant pressed with so crushing a weight as the so-called "idealist" logic upon man's instinctive belief in freedom, or so effectually swamped all the essential human characteristics in an undifferentiated One or all-enveloping Absolute. But the Idealism which produces this result is shown to be a mere *tour de force* of intellectualism, that is to say, of logic divorced from life. It has just the same amount of practical validity as the ancient proof that Achilles could not overtake the tortoise. Its overthrow has the effect once more of saying to us, "You may believe; there is nothing in all this apparently iron logic that forbids, really nothing. Reality is greater and better even than this philosophy."

No criticism that we may be able to pass upon Prof. James's views will derogate from this emancipating power, for philosophy never does higher work for the world than when it disengages and evokes latent faiths that had suffered from some imagined prohibition. But when we come to consider the positive suggestions towards a constructive philosophic creed offered in these lectures, it is plain that they have no such importance as the negative strictures upon other systems. Whatever Mr. James writes is sure to abound in stimulating hints, and encouraging invitations to new fields of inquiry. We are for ever at the beginning of the quest, and all the world is an open question. Let anyone who imagines that philosophy is the wearisome repetition of a few stale old positions, tricked out in succeeding ages in various disguises, but amounting to much the same thing through all the controversies, be introduced to these profoundly awakening discourses. And this must be some compensation to the reader who cannot agree that we are much helped out of our difficulties by the theory of a finite God. This theory seems to Prof. James both to put an end to our troubles in connection with the problem of evil, and to be the natural outcome of his general philosophy of Pluralism. Whereas the Monism which he is combating conceives "that the divine exists authentically only when the world is experienced all at once in its absolute totality," the Pluralism or radical empiricism which Mr. James sets forth "allows that the absolute sum-total of things may never be actually experienced or realised in that shape at all." This means that God must be finite either in power or knowledge, or in both, and must have some external environment. He is not the Absolute. "Let God have the least infinitesimal *other* of any kind beside him, and empiricism and rationalism might strike hands in a lasting treaty of peace." May we venture the remark that such a treaty might well be made between such parties, but not without endangering other interests which have a greater claim than either to be heard in any proposed settlement. Is not this very notion of "finiteness" one of those really futile conceptualisms, one of those poor figments of an abstract logic, of which Mr. James makes such short work when it pleases

him to do so? Does not such a settlement leave out of consideration all that side of our nature which cries out for unity, for the losing of ourselves to find ourselves again in a higher and all-sufficing Being that *somehow* is adequate to meet and overcome every dilemma and halfness of our experience—whether in morals or in intellect? It is all too significant, in this connection, that Mr. James (p. 125) seems to consider "cosmic emotion" as something outside of religion altogether, and naturally, if God is finite; whereas to many of us (*vide* Mr. Wicksteed's Conference sermon) the one is a part, at least, of the other. Moreover, Mr. James's suggestions (so fruitful and far-reaching are they in their incidence) supply a means for avoiding this strange lapse. For we are told that not only the absolute, but every particle of reality "is its own other," *i.e.*, provides in its own self both a "One" and "Many." Why may not, then, the Highest Being do this?

It is not the least of the book's charms that it is so tentative. And it makes us acquainted with the beautiful and arresting genius of Fechner and the powerful ideas of Henri Bergson. W. WHITAKER.

## RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.\*

BY THE REV. S. H. MELLONE, M.D., D.Sc.

AN increasing number of people are said to dislike theology and dogma. A wide toleration is prevalent—a toleration which is willing to leave everything an open question. Many people are dogmatically undogmatic, intolerantly tolerant, and hate theology with a perfectly theological hatred. Hence I want to reach as clear an answer as possible to the question—What is theology, and how does it stand to religion? And I start from some facts in the work of the great Protestant theologian whose quatercentenary is being celebrated this year.

Calvin was not a creative force. His genius lay in the regulation, the organisation of forces which others had created, and which threatened to become more like an indiscriminate tumult than an ordered progress. Splendid as the principles of the Reformation were, and still are, the seeds of anarchy were in them. They were capable of leading to the extreme of fanaticism, and even madness, unless guided by something wider than merely private judgment and merely personal faith. Calvin saw this, and set himself to develop order out of tumult.

Regulated life, and regulated thought; or, to use a more pregnant term, *organised life* and *organised thought*—these were his ideals; these he believed were essential to the welfare of a Christian community. So far, few would venture to contradict him. We are learning at our cost that organised thought and organised life are essential to the welfare of any community, whether called Christian or not. But the ideals are one thing and the way of realising them is another. What concerns us now is Calvin's ideal of organised thought. This for him meant *theology* and nothing more.

\* An Address at the public meeting of the B. and F.U.A. at Essex Hall, on Wednesday evening, June 2.

\* "A Pluralistic Universe." By William James. (Longmans, Green & Co. 5s. 6d. net.)



Most of us have been almost "brought up" to look upon Calvinism with loathing. Many of us remember what Tennyson wrote of "the dark night-fold of a fatalist creed." None the less this system is one of the most remarkable and impressive phenomena in the history of human thought. Calvin did not invent it. "No man," it has been well said, "ever sat down in his study and constructed this terrible system, which for the mass of mankind seemed to make existence an unmitigated curse. It was evolved slowly from premises which seemed unimpeachable, and gradually built up on what seemed to be a groundwork of solid fact." The suggestions of it in the Bible are well known; it reached something like completion in the hands of Augustine; Luther impressed its main ideas on the age with immense power. They only waited for an organiser to set them forth in their logical connection with one another and with the Bible. Calvin gathered them together and wove them into a system which covers the whole ground of religious belief, and which shows unrivalled powers of thorough and consistent thinking.

The *ideas* were there already—in the Bible, in Augustine, in the minds of men. And when you take them and trace them to their roots you find that every one of them rests on some real fact in a man's living experience; so it was with Paul; so with Augustine; so with Luther. The book in which Calvin set forth these ideas has had a wider and deeper influence on the world than anything else of the kind that was ever written; and its influence on the age of the Reformation was good. It introduced a manlier spirit into politics; it deepened the sense of the greatness of human destiny.

And where is that system now? The question needs no answer. It survives in creeds and confessions, nominal standards of belief of great Churches; it survives to provide exercises in ingenuity for the ecclesiastical mind, in reconciling subscription to one thing, while the opposite thing is actually taught. A lame and impotent conclusion to what had such great beginnings! What is the meaning of the paradox?

This brings me to my central point. There is a well-known doctrine, said to be characteristically English, which declares that all knowledge comes from experience. The best philosophic thinking of the day has re-asserted that doctrine with tenfold force; only it has broken down the artificial limits which men had dogmatically assigned to experience. Experience means life; it is as wide and many-sided as life; and there is no knowledge which does not come directly out of life.

A living thing is always responding to its surroundings, its environment. And our environment is not only material and visible, it is immaterial and invisible. Our inner life responds not only to the call of the material world; it responds also to the call of the Unseen; and there lie the roots of religion and of religious beliefs. Beliefs and convictions are like feelings—they seek for expression. A religious belief expressed as a positive statement is a *doctrine*; and theology is simply the

systematic arrangement of doctrines and the inquiry into their grounds.

It is in that passage from *life to belief* and *belief to doctrine* that the roots of all the trouble lie. The doctrine claims to be religious knowledge. But knowledge is not always true to life. An experience may be very real to me, and yet I may not be able to give a full and clear account of its meaning. I may not—it is certain that I will not—fully understand it in all its bearings. And if I make it the basis of a religious doctrine, that doctrine will be a mixture of truth and error—truth, because it has come out of my life; error, because my understanding of my experience is necessarily imperfect. Not only the ordinary man, but the greatest religious genius cannot escape from that limitation. Take the idea of predestination. It is a religious doctrine of Paul and of Augustine, whereby these great men explained a life-experience of their own. But the reality and intensity of their experience does not compel us to accept their own explanation of it as final. And if that explanation means that you and I have no share in the making or marring of our own souls, then so far they are wrong; for this conflicts with other facts in life which are quite as important, and which teach us that we have a share, a limited but a real share, in the making of our lives.

What then was it that Calvin did? He gathered together and welded into one massive whole a range of ideas sprung from the lives of men in different ages and nations; each idea he was determined to make, what it could never really be—absolutely final truth. And what have Calvin's successors done? They have given up some of his finalities—such as the idea of absolute predestination to heaven and hell; the principle of finality they have not given up. Some particular explanation or theory of Christ's divinity or of his redeeming power is still treated as the last word of divine truth. There are even some Unitarians who fall into a mistake of the same kind. They talk as if Unitarianism meant a set of doctrinal statements cut and dry; and if another Unitarian questions the all-sufficiency of these statements for the religious needs of man then they question the "soundness" of his Unitarianism! It is the whole principle of finality that is wrong. The last stage of these supposed finalities of statement is worse than the first. They harden into a tradition—a mental routine divorced from life, and then belief comes a mere intellectual assent from which the spirit of vital religion may be entirely absent. That is the kind of theology of which people are tired.

We cannot afford to neglect the testimony and experience of the past; no rational theologian, no wise man, will do that. But the legacy of doctrine from the past needs ever and again a new emphasis, a new articulation, a new interpretation. Look at the work of Paul—the greatest heretic and religious revolutionary the world has ever known—with the single exception of Jesus of Nazareth. He took every account of the past. But how? He read it in the light of his life, and the life of his people; he mingled it with his own original experiences, dreams,

reflections—passed it through the fire of his own personality; and then gave it forth. And when a man does that, we never hear that people are tired of doctrine. The ideal of the theologian of the Calvin type is that we shall preach the truth as we have received it from some source outside ourselves. The ideal of true progressive thought makes a great demand upon us: to preach the truth as it is in ourselves; not breaking with the past, but showing that in ourselves its force has been regenerated, recreated, redirected, made fruitful for the life the world is living now. Life is the only test, both of truth and worth; and even life is not final—it is always growing. It is the great moral and spiritual experiment of humanity.

We have only fragments of truth, "broken lights"; still though broken, they are lights, pointing up to one great Light. That simple truth not only justifies doctrine, but gives to theology its rightful place. Our doctrines even at their best are temporary, provisional, experimental; but for that very reason so much the greater is the value of that study which seeks to show their bearings on one another and their roots in history and life. The one great Light which embraces all the rest and mingles them into its radiance, as the rainbow-colours are mingled into white, will never be seen by us unless we use our broken lights to find it. Perfect truth is ineffably beyond us. God is ineffably beyond us, but beyond us on our own line. All that is truest in us, all that is best in us, points towards Him. We are only at the beginning of the journey but we know the way.

#### CHRISTIAN ORIGINS.\*

"BEHIND this book," the learned author tells us, "lie twenty years of close study of the Christian literature and rituals of the first five centuries." This statement will not be questioned by anyone who knows even by name Mr. Conybeare, and the contributions he has made to our knowledge of the early Armenian Church. And yet if the book had been anonymous, as was "Supernatural Religion" which excited so great an uproar some thirty years ago, we doubt if it would have won the attention it deserves, outside the circle of readers of "The Rationalist Press Association" for whom it is written. The author is too scholarly not to be conscious of the offence that will be taken at his constant failure to give references in support of his statements. He excuses himself on the ground that his work is "intended to be brief and popular" and "that to have done so efficiently would have required a score of volumes of the same size." A score of pages would have been sufficient to meet the legitimate demand of readers who are not prepared to take the statements, even of the highest authorities, on trust. It is almost ludicrous to be told that if we desire the fullest instruction on a certain subject we shall find it in certain chapters "in the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas," while to the unlearned the reference to a papyrus

\* Myth, Magic and Morals. A Study of Christian Origins, by Fred Cornwallis Conybeare, M.A. (Watts & Co., 4s. 6d. net.)



as "Pap. Ox. I. 110," will be utterly unmeaning.

We could have wished too, that Mr. Conybeare had approached the great problem he discusses in a more sympathetic spirit. "Of all the great figures which look down upon us across the gulf and void of time, Jesus of Nazareth is the most gracious and winning of aspect. . . his name has ever been for the poor and oppressed, for the despised and disinherited of the earth, a bond and symbol of union in peace and charity." We cherish this testimony to one whom we call Lord and Master, but it is of the Jesus of the four gospels that it is true, and the majestic figure presented in the fourth has won upon the hearts of men as potently as that familiar to us in the Synoptics. It is a scholar and divine, no less free from ties and prejudices than Mr. Conybeare himself, who writes of this same Gospel "When we remember how it has moulded the faith, and touched the heart, and calmed the sorrows of generations of men, we must approach it with no ordinary reverence, and with a desire to penetrate its inmost meaning, and become more thoroughly imbued with its kindling power" (Dr. Drummond, *The Fourth Gospel*, p. 1). The power is a fact, and as such the critic must needs respect it, and it appears to us an offence not only against good taste but against true scholarship to write of the Johannine Christ, that as "the Logos, he masquerades across the stage in human form, an insipid figure muttering oracles over the heads of his audience, a Christ who no longer weeps or prays except to the gallery." Upon such a view the worship and love of a thousand millions of all times and churches becomes a more difficult problem than is the gospel itself.

There are other phrases we regret as when it is said of Paul that the only answer he could make to his Jewish opponents was "to sneer at the exclusive pretensions of the twelve apostles," an accusation which is refuted a few lines lower down, where it is attributed "to Paul's tact" that a truce was brought about between the Jewish and Gentile Christians. But nothing can be more tactless, more calculated to aggravate a difference, than is a sneer, and one has no right to put such intonation on expressions such as "who seemed to be pillars," which may be read as quite harmless.

It would not be worth while to make these grave objections to a worthless book. If a man has no authorities for his statements, of course, he cannot produce them, and if he is devoid of reverence it is futile to point out that he does not show it. But the case does not stand so with Mr. Conybeare, and it is because his book is so full of rare learning and wise appreciation of times and things that we regret that it is not as much better as it might easily have been made.

The origin of the Myths which gathered in quite natural manner about the cradle and the preaching and the cross of the Christ is discussed in twelve chapters. The Magic associated with various forms of the Christian faith—the use that is to say of names and phrases and manual acts, to produce alleged effects wholly out of proportion and not possible to be tested—

this is treated under the heads of "Names," "The Eucharist," and "Baptism," chapters which are replete with interest. But of "Morals" we find nothing unless it be in the strictures—we hardly dare to say whether or not unjustly severe—on those who dare not examine the facts, or having learnt the truth about them dare not confess it. Of such he writes that "they are in danger of ruining themselves as well as their fellows."

"For a man's character is all of a piece, and we cannot brook awkward questions, thrust our heads into the sand, and practise sophistry and make believe in so intimate a concern as religious belief, without sooner or later forfeiting all round those qualities of manliness, honesty and painstaking thoroughness, which alone can enable Englishmen in these days of keen competition to hold their own."

These words remind us of a disclosure made by that brave veteran the Rev. Charles Voysey in a sermon of April 25 last. "The English Life of Jesus" was published in 1872 by Mr. Thomas Scott, of Norwood, who also assumed the responsibility of authorship. It is a work every whit as advanced and outspoken as is this which we have from Mr. Conybeare. The whole of the fourth gospel is cast aside as utterly untrustworthy and portions of the others rejected for the same reason, "the whole narrative of the resurrection is shown to be unhistorical," and we have left before us "the picture of one who dared to propound truths unwelcome to a dominant hierarchy, to condemn a traditional ceremonial system which placed barriers between God and man, and in the long series of his discourses sought to convince his hearers that God cared for every one of them and willed them good"—in fact just the Christ whom all Unitarians confess, but whom many Unitarians value as of far higher significance. It is of such a book, creditable as it is to the writer's ability and reverent free thought, that we are now told that it was written by a well-known Broad Church Vicar, who insisted upon every precaution being taken to conceal the authorship. Mr. Voysey names the delinquent, it is a feeling of shame which prevents us from repeating it. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that conduct which would be judged dishonourable in a professional man is other than dishonourable in a minister of religion.

Mr. Conybeare is an Oxford don. In his own interest he would have done well to keep to himself the result of his researches, but he has given of his best to scholars and to the public alike, heedless of the opprobrium of "infidelity." With some of his conclusions we may not agree, but we thank him heartily for an honest attempt to state in simple language the results attained by long years of study, adapting himself to the understanding of unlearned readers and heedless of the reproaches of colleagues, of whom quoting Mommsen he writes as "homines theologi ex vinculis sermocinantes."

CHARLES HARGROVE.

PRAYER, though it does not change the providential order, is the tidal swell of the human heart under the attraction of the Infinite.—*Frank Walters.*

## OBITUARY.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D., LL.D.

THE death of Dr. Hale takes from American public life one of its most striking and picturesque pictures. At the moment of his death he was unquestionably the best beloved man in the States, and this in an unusual way, being more loved by men and by children, if possible, than by women. His frame was long, bony, and awkward, his head was gigantic, leonine, his features rugged, his voice powerful but in an extraordinary way, with a curious muffled undertone constantly broken by explosions of sound which startled and arrested the hearer. Two things were observable in violent contrast, beneath the heavy domelike arch of rugged brow set cavernously, as though to protect and guard them, shone pale blue eyes that were soft and dreamy, the eyes that belong to lovers or saints. Matching these eyes there was also to be discovered somewhere in the depths of that rough unmanageable voice, a certain chord of the most heart-stirring pathos. These physical characteristics were not without justification, being evidence of the invisible life which built up the flesh and blood, and formed the man. A superficial reader of character would hardly be likely to go wrong after seeing and hearing Dr. Hale for even a few moments. He might even have been able to declare as probable a good deal of the actual eminence Dr. Hale attained. But it would be necessary to add a sixty-three years ceaseless energetic ministry of public service, to all classes of the community, before the depth and breadth of a people's affection could be anticipated. Oliver Wendell Holmes sought to unravel the wonder when he wrote to Dr. Hale on his 70th birthday:—

"When I behold that large untiring brain,  
Which seventy winters have assailed in vain;

Toiling, still toiling at its endless task,  
With patience such as Sisyphus might ask,  
To flood the paths of ignorance with light,  
To speed the progress of the struggling right,

Its burning pulses borrowed from a heart  
That claims in every grief a brother's part,  
My lips repeat with reverence, 'Even so,  
This is in truth a living dynamo.'"

It was silent, invisible, deep drawn, ceaselessly expanding and growing power that flowed from the soul of Edward Everett Hale, continuously quickening the intelligence and warming the hearts of his fellow citizens. Born in Boston, 1823, close to King's Chapel, his father was at that time editor of *The Advertiser*, a man of influence and character, tracing back five generations to an Englishman from Gloucestershire, I believe. Edward Everett's great uncle was the famous Nathan Hale, whom George Washington sent to ascertain the strength of the English in New York at the outbreak of the Colonial Revolution, and who was caught and hanged as a spy by General Howe. Edward Everett went to the famous Boston Latin School, then to Harvard, then into his father's printing office. Three characteristics were noticeable very early,



Capacity for making friends, ease and rapidity of transferring thought to writing, interest in a multitude of human affairs. This latter has since been jokingly ascribed to him as his greatest failing. Certainly no one could bring a cause to Dr. Hale without winning his interest. Literally thousands of enterprises have had his name associated with their initiation, from sand gardens to people's palaces. When he decided to enter the ministry it was in what we are prone to call the old fashioned sense, to be a pastor and personal friend and adviser of everyone in his parish; as to sermons they were not to be essays but expressions of spiritual experience written off under pressure in the last few hours of the week. Later in life he claimed that his sermons should not be printed, but being a man of genius it happens that his hastiest words were often like eruptions of some concealed volcano, the fire and passion of his life striking through with a light that no elaborate preparation would be likely to equal. While a student, if invited to preach at a neighbouring town he would do so, but he would also visit the school-house, inspect the local factories and farms, examine the roads, and get into immediate touch with the human conditions, surroundings, and interests. This aptitude equipped his mind with a marvellous knowledge of things, and sympathy with folk. He was immediately understood, immediately loved, and with Christlike simplicity and directness, immediately became a leader.

His first settlement in the ministry was at Worcester, Mass., where he remained for ten years until he was called away to the South Congregational Church in Boston, and remained minister of that church till his death, a period of 53 years, though in 1900 he accepted the lessening of his duties by becoming "Pastor Emeritus." It gives little conception of Dr. Hale's work to say he was minister of this busy city church; he was at the same time editor of one or more weekly publications, and a monthly magazine or two, editorial contributor to numberless journals (his never failing column in *The Christian Register* must be familiar to many readers of *THE INQUIRER*), he was active member or more often director or chairman of countless charitable organisations, and latterly chaplain of the United States Senate at Washington.

In the midst of these activities he produced his little masterpieces of fiction, "The Man without a Country," "Philip Nolan's Friends," "His Level Best," "In His Name," "Ten Times One is Ten." From the suggestion contained in this last the Harry Wadsworth or Lend a Hand Clubs were originated, and have spread to every country in the civilised world. In humorous literature Dr. Hale has written several memorable stories. To hear him read from his own "My Double and How He Undid Me," is a certain enjoyment of wholesome laughter subtly mingled with tender pathos. Two things Dr. Hale calmly and persistently abominated, Snobbery and Ceremonial. In his hatred of Snobbery one must I think admit that he was inclined to exaggerate the amount of that alloy to be found in the English Character. He met many leading English ecclesiastics, he had

many stories of pompous little bishops who visited America in the interest of lace ruffles, and one may imagine the rebuffs they received from the Chaplain of the United States Senate. Dr. Hale might have posed as the mastiff in Landseer's picture. And then it has to be remembered that the great Uncle hanged by General Howe is by no means forgotten yet. As to his prejudice against ritualistic practices Dr. Hale defined religion as "forgetting one's own necessities in love of some other," "seeing that life is eternal as the life of the Universe, that as to-day brings forth to-morrow, to-morrow will bring forth its to-morrow." "To live in a life better and higher than dust is religion." True religion, he would say, takes a man into the life which grows larger every day. Ritualism tangles a man up in the things that perish. "Nearer my God to Thee," first, last, and always, this is religion. Being nearer to God seemed to him a very simple and natural thing, needing no art, and not to be assisted by any optical illusions.

His own religious faith may possibly be summed up in the one sentence constantly upon his lips, delivered in tones of profound solemnity, "You are all priests of the holy temple, you are all servants of the Universal Church, you are all sons and daughters of the living God!" The greatness of the service Dr. Hale has rendered to his age and his fellow men cannot be easily measured; it is not likely to be wholly appreciated for many years; by and by his name will be among the very few held as great patterns of manhood. Then very likely as so often happens, he may come to be the representative in the popular mind of even more greatness than is justly his. But the purity of his heart, the integrity of his speech, the earnest simplicity of his faith, his passion for serving his fellows, the holy energy of his devoted life cannot be overestimated.

F. BLOUNT MOTT.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.]

### IS EVIL NECESSARY?

SIR,—In his searching article on "Is Evil Necessary?" (*INQUIRER*, May 29, 1909), Dr. Mellone has urged against the view "not evil itself is necessary, but only the possibility of evil," the important counter-view that possibilities of evil which he admits to be "real possibilities and palpable realities of everyday experience" are themselves "evil things." And he has driven this point home by insisting that when we adopt possibilities of evil into our volition, we "do not make them evil," but "bring out their real nature." "In themselves," he says, "they are forms of moral evil," and adds that, "if they are not overcome by good and for good . . . they become active tendencies whose nature is evil, whether they are adopted by the will or not."

Here we have the vital issue clearly

stated and decided in a sense counter to my own convictions. In answer to the question, "Is the possibility of evil as such a moral evil?" Dr. Mellone replies that it is, whereas my own conviction is that, since moral evil is willed evil, the possibility of evil, being unwilled, is not a moral evil. It is no more than a temptation to moral evil.

The crucial point in Dr. Mellone's thesis seems to me to be reached when he urges that in adopting possibilities of evil into our volition we do not thereby make them evil, but simply bring out their real evil nature. But, I would ask, are we to suppose that a possibility of evil could ever develop into actual evil apart from the choice and decision of the will which adopts it? And, if not, how can we say that actual evil is implied in possible evil? Actual evil could be brought out of possible evil only if all the essential conditions for the actuality of evil were already present in germinal form in the possibility of evil. But the central essential for actual evil is the adoption by the will, and this, as I understand the situation, is wholly and radically lacking in the mere impulse to evil, even when that impulse is being subjected to reasoned deliberation. The assumption on which I rest is that volition is no mere complex form of impulse, but includes certain distinctive factors of choice and decision which are irreducible to the impulses or conations upon which they are exercised.

Perhaps the most searching point in Dr. Mellone's article is the suggestion that possibilities of evil may be effective for evil whether adopted by the will or not; that the will, in Professor Jack's phrase, may be caught napping, and ourselves involved in evil before we know it. When Professor Jack asserts that "the correlative to the possibility of evil is the possibility of unpreparedness on the part of those who have to act," he seems to me to be maintaining much the same thesis, though the terms in which he states it are necessarily more ambiguous to me, since I do not yet know whether he is prepared to admit possibilities that are not necessities. We may put the point as follows:—Can the will, we ask, be invaded in an unguarded moment? I would deny that it could, though I would hasten to point out that decisions may be separated from the actions which express them by long intervals of time. A man may suddenly realise that he has done an evil deed without knowing it, and apparently without willing it. But was there not in the past history of the man a failure to decide definitely against such form of conduct? Such failure to decide would leave surviving a germinal desire to do the action, a germinal intention to carry it out when circumstance was ripe. There is here a rift in the lute of the man's will, a moral defect of will; and a moral defect of will is, I admit, actual evil in the germ.

"When good overcomes evil," says Dr. Mellone, "it transforms it." This I also believe, but apparently not as Dr. Mellone believes it. Dr. Mellone appears to believe that evil is transformed by being redeemed; I would contend that it is transformed by being degraded, shorn of its actuality, sunk to that lower status of possibility whence its only passage back into



the actual world is through the sanction of a will. On this view it is not evil which is redeemable, but ourselves. It is we who have fallen who need to be redeemed from evil.

There is much in Dr. Mellone's views with which I should cordially agree, could I but substitute for the word "evil" the term "possibility of evil." Thus Dr. Mellone contends that the energies which are redeemed from evil "would not have been there if the evil had not been there"; whereas I would say that these energies could never have been redeemed from actual evil, if the possibility of evil, and with it temptation, had not been previously present to the will. Again, when Dr. Mellone says that "the struggle with inward evil is essential to the growth of character as we know it," I would say that "the struggle against the temptation to evil is essential to the formation of character," where, by temptation, I understand a process that does not imply the necessity of actual evil. And when Dr. Mellone says that "all the goodness known to us has grown in human souls through the evil in themselves which they have overcome," I would prefer to say, "All the goodness known to us has grown in human souls through the temptations to evil which they have overcome."<sup>2</sup>

There is a sense in which Dr. Mellone agrees that evil is not necessary. He admits that, "when any man is tempted to do an immoral act, it is not necessary or inevitable that he should yield to the temptation, nor does his yielding serve any good purpose." But he appears to think that this admission clashes with the view which he quotes with approval from James Martineau, that "a world which no evil could invade, would be a world which no character could inhabit," and that a paradoxical situation is thereby created. It seems to me, however, that in the statement just quoted Dr. Martineau is doing no more than affirm the possibility of evil, and I would fully endorse what he says, though for clearness' sake I would lay a slight additional emphasis on the word "could."<sup>2</sup> It must, indeed, be possible for evil to invade the world which character inhabits, though it can only invade it through consent of the will. But if one statement affirms that evil is possible, and the counter-statement affirms that evil is not necessary, it appears to me that the paradox is dissolved.

W. R. BOYCE GIBSON.

## THE CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

HAVE you ever been asked by other boys and girls "Do you collect?" or "What do you collect?"

Town children generally begin by collecting tram tickets. But there is so little difference between these that the interest in them soon comes to an end.

Postage stamps are prettier, and they afford almost endless variety coming from different countries, with different designs, different dates, different colours, different values. It is the differences, the variety amongst things of the same sort, that makes the interest of naming and arranging a collection.

In collecting things that are found out of doors, like flowers, or leaves, or stones, there is the still greater interest of search and the excitement of discovery, and best of all the growing pleasure of learning to understand and appreciate more of the ways of nature.

It is amazing how dull a country walk may be to anyone who has not yet made friends with weeds, grasses, flowers, hedges, and trees, stones, rocks, hillside and sky.

To many a one the collecting of specimens of flowers or leaves has been the beginning of a lasting friendship with nature.

Collecting is always, however, only a beginning of nature study. When we make a collection of leaves or stones and arrange them in a book or box or drawer, our specimens may stay put in their places, but they are not at home there. The best nature study is done where our specimens are at home. And the best of collecting is that it gradually leads us on to be more and more at home with nature under the open sky.

Those of us who live in streets, in towns can perhaps only rarely come within reach of wild flowers. But we might add greatly to the pleasure of our walks if we would study trees sufficiently to be able to recognise one sort and another at a distance by the shape against the sky, or the movement of leaf and branch in the wind.

I wonder how many English trees each of you know by name? I wonder how many of these you know by sight?

A tree is more than leaves. But to make a collection of different leaves would at least be a beginning in tree study.

Nearly a hundred years ago, on the slopes of the Ochil Hills in Scotland, north of the Firth of Forth, there lived a school-boy, Robert Dick, who began very early to be a collector.

It seems as if he had no safe place at home where he could keep his treasures, for the curious stones he collected he set for safety round the edge of a pond not far from his father's cottage.

Robert Dick had early shown himself an eager learner, and was at first destined for college. But sad changes came and he had little help at school and often harsh treatment at home. But he was happy in his playground.

Their cottage opened upon the hillside, and the hills and glens offered a refuge for his spare time. He could borrow books and read for himself, and he soon discovered that he could learn much from Mother Nature.

He soon learned to love the golden gorse, the streams, the steep glens through which the streams rush down from the hills. He made friends with the wild creatures, watched them, and knew their haunts. He was at home under the open sky and always found something new to see, to enjoy.

As the poet Longfellow wrote afterwards of another naturalist:—

"And Nature the old nurse, took

The child upon her knee,

Saying: Here is a story-book

Thy Father has written for thee."<sup>2</sup>

When Robert Dick was thirteen, instead of going to college, as had at first been

planned, he had to begin at once to earn his living, and was apprenticed to a baker. And a baker he remained for all the rest of his life, more than forty years. But he did not forget his old nurse Nature, and her wonderful story-book.

Robert Dick had begun to be a collector before he became a baker, and he remained a collector and a reader too. The great interest in reading his life is to see how he managed to do all three—baking, collecting, reading, working hard at his pleasure as well as at his work, and never letting his pleasure interfere with his duty. Robert's lodging as an apprentice was a little room over the bakehouse.

"Winter and summer he rose at three or four o'clock in the morning to light the bakehouse fire, and his duties were not done till eight or nine at night."<sup>2</sup>

His work during the day was to carry baskets of bread to neighbouring villages, and he rejoiced in these long walks over the hills and through glens and meadows. He found many a rare plant by the way, and picked up many a curious stone to add to his collection. And his pleasure in these treasures was shared by his master's children.

When his apprenticeship was over, Dick worked as a journeyman baker for three years in different towns. Then at the age of twenty-one he had saved enough to set up in business for himself.

He took a shop and settled down in the little town of Thurso, on the coast of Caithness (in the far north of Scotland, opposite the Orkney Isles). It is a bleak, wild country, with moors and bogs stretching inland for miles, and a grand sea coast with high cliffs.

When his bread was baked and his loaves sold, the young baker had at last leisure to read—but no money to spare for buying books.

So he explored the country round about to collect treasures, and to read in the Book of Nature as he had done in his childhood.

"And he wandered away and away

With Nature the dear old nurse,

Who sang to him night and day

The rhymes of the universe."<sup>2</sup>

"Sometimes he shouted and sang for joy at the beauties of the moorland and the sea. The rough ignorant boys of Thurso began to follow him in his wanderings, marvelling at the old-fashioned clothes, which were all he could afford. When they found the objects of his search were the beetles and other creatures they thought so common and uninteresting, they went home and told their strange tale, laughing at the "mad baker," who was going to put beetles in his bread."<sup>2</sup>

Afterwards, some of these boys became interested in Robert Dick's work, and would bring him insects, flowers and shells.

Of his later collections and rambles, there will be more to tell next week.

LILIAN HALL.

N.B.—The story of Robert Dick's life you will find at the beginning of Miss F. E. Cooke's *In Goodly Company*, a collection of short biographies of modern heroes and heroines.



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LONDON, JUNE 19, 1909.

## A WISE COLONY.

WE have lately received from a friend in New Zealand the report of a scientific survey of the Tongariro National Park carried out for the Dominion Government by Dr. L. Cockayne, with the assistance of others. The work is well illustrated by photographs, and also includes a map of the district by the Inspector of Scenic Reserves. Note the designation of this officer; we have not yet heard of him in England, but may do so some day. There is plenty for him to turn his attention to in this country.

The value to a country of possessing adequate playgrounds for its people has been fully appreciated by New Zealand, and as a result five great national parks have been staked out in different parts of the country, embracing the most characteristic natural features and some of the most magnificent scenery in the world. In the North Island we have, to begin with, the region treated of in the report, which receives its name, "Tongariro Park," from one of the three volcanic mountains included within its boundaries. Tongariro, like his neighbour Ngauruhoe, is still active. His height is over 6,000 feet; but Ruapehu, 9,000 feet, is the big fellow of the group. An area which is large enough to include features of this character—which, we may take it, correspond to the band-stand and the fountain in the ordinary municipal recreation-ground—is necessarily considerable, and will provide the excursionist with an opportunity for something more than a whole day's picnic, and something stiffer than a clamber over Helvellyn. Nevertheless, it is proposed even to extend this large area so as to enclose additional features of typical life and scenery, care being taken at the same time not to lock up land of economic value.

The other great reserve in the North Island embraces Mount Egmont, with a beautiful belt of mixed forest around his feet, a sub-alpine forest of cedar and totara higher up, above this meadows of alpine flowers, and the great snowy cone

to crown the whole. It is said by the Maories that originally there were four volcanoes in the Ruapehu district, the fourth being known as Taranaki. That was in the youthful days of fiery volcanic passions. Taranaki attempted to abduct Pihangi, the wife of his friend Tongariro. A furious battle between the two giants ensued, and Taranaki, utterly beaten, went rampaging out of the district, scoring the ground as he went into the channel of what is now the Wanganui River. He continued his flight until he came nigh to the seashore, where as Mount Egmont he has remained to the present day to testify to the truth of the legend.

In the South Island is the Arthur's Pass, or Waimakariri Park, which includes the Otira Gorge, down which the tourist who is crossing the Southern Alps zigzags by coach from the barren mountain saddle to the green and fertile valley far below. In this estate is Lake Minchin, "a spot of extreme loveliness hidden in the recesses of the Snowcup Ranges," together with noble forests and ancient glacial lakes and a charming alpine flora. Further south we come to the Mount Cook Park, with the loftiest peaks and some of the great glaciers of the Southern Alps. Mount Cook attains the height of 12,349 feet.

Finally, we reach the great coastal reserve, the glory of which is the Sounds of Otago—those majestic ice-carved fiords walled in with immense precipitous cliffs—a region of extraordinary beauty and impressiveness. In all, some hundreds of square miles are embraced by the five national parks.

Throughout these vast and magnificent domains the perfect law of liberty holds sway. Within these boundaries no landowner will ever be able to erect a fence or utter a threat against the "trespasser." Nor will any person be allowed at any time to hunt the animals or shoot the birds. Here the compact of peace is signed between man and nature.

What is the counterpart to this in England? Setting on one side the local town parks and recreation grounds, happily now so numerous, we have Epping Forest, wisely acquired by London long since on behalf not only of its own citizens but of all who care to wander through its glades.

The New Forest is Crown property, and might be regarded as a national park, were it not for the special privileges reserved for the rich of hunting its deer and foxes and shooting its wild-fowl. We have, happily, now a National Trust for the acquisition and preservation of spots of special beauty and historic note; but the fact that we still await the introduction of an "Access to Mountains Bill" reminds us that, although during our summer holidays we may climb to the top of a mountain with hearts

full of wonder and praise for the Strength of the everlasting hills, it is impossible for us to forget the barbed wire, the high walls and the keepers, all of which obstacles had to be circumvented before we could reach that spot on moor or fell which every Englishmen ought to be able to call his own. The private possession of a mountain or lake is almost as absurd an anomaly as the private possession of the sea. We do not say that it is the landowner's fault that he finds himself, perhaps by inheritance, in the position that he must safeguard his own property; but that sea-shores and mountains, forests, moors, and lakes ought to belong to the nation as such, to be enjoyed by the people without let or hindrance, care only being taken that no damage is done. Even where the public spirit of a generous-minded owner raises no obstacle before the liberty of his fellow men, the sentiment created by the situation is not all that it should be. The most munificent patronage is on a lower level than the genuine spirit of patriotism; and for a man to be admitted by favour to what he should be able to feel is essentially his own, as the air he breathes and no more exclusively his own than that, is humiliating.

The democratic aspirations which, in New Zealand, have formulated the title of the entire community to the high places of nature and the sanctuaries of beauty, have not been confined to the creation of national parks on a grand scale. This is but part of an enlightened and comprehensive policy regarding the land, so as to make it as widely accessible as possible to the labour and service, as well as to the recreation, of the inhabitants. Hence the popular system of State-ownership of agricultural land, whereby the small holder receives substantial encouragement in his undertaking. After some amount of legislative oscillation the Colony has settled down to an excellent system, the gist of which is that it backs up the industrious man with little capital, enabling him to apply both his means and his labour at once to the soil. He may go and buy a freehold if he will, but if he sinks his capital in the purchase it is available for no other purpose. Better advised, he becomes a perpetual leaseholder of the State, paying only the light ground rent of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the capital value of his land. In this case he is at liberty to turn all his resources into the development, instead of into the purchase of his homestead. By the rule restricting the uptake of land to 640 acres of first-class, and 2,000 acres of second-class land, the State sets itself against the acquisition of immense unproductive estates.

Finally, while the rent from over seven millions of acres is directed to the support of education and old-age pensions, none goes to the support of a State Church. The principle operating throughout the



whole of the enlightened land legislation of the Dominion has been to secure for the service and enjoyment of all, that to which all are by right entitled. The result is, no millionaires and the highest average rate of individual prosperity in the world.

H. M. L.

#### ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.\*

THE story of the docility of the birds at the bidding of St. Francis, so that he might preach them a sermon, may very well be a myth, but myths are only truths in disguise. The incidents recorded of his influence over birds and wild animals are sufficiently numerous and reasonable to lead us to regard him as the first type of those men and women, and let us add children, who have been enabled to exercise a faculty of abnormal control over, and intimacy with, wild creatures. It is by no spell or hypnotic influence that Francis won the trust of the birds; that they have come to feed from the hands of Thoreau, and others; that Cotton, who introduced bees into New Zealand, used to go to lecture and chapel when at Oxford attended by a humming bodyguard, and amazed his fellow-passengers on board ship by the freedom and impunity with which he played with his bees. The clean hand and dress, and the sweet wholesome body acquired only by open-air life, are, we are assured, of significance in this connection. The mood of consummate patience is indispensable; that passiveness of perfect control of face and eye, of body and soul with which a mother will watch over her wakeful child, and the hour passes without a turn or a rustle, so that the babe feels that the human presence is softer than silence itself, and the timid sleep is won at last. But the stratagem of immobility does not take us to the root of this 'natural image.' The secret of success is a deep, gentle love and fellow-feeling, and where most potent it is more than the tenderness of pity, and of an affectionate disposition. It is the sense of being of one kind with all things that share the marvellous gift of life. The prejudice of superiority escapes the mind of him who, as he gazes into the face of some other kind, says,

"I see deep in the eyes of the animals, the human soul look out upon me."

Does not this conviction of community of nature between man and the rest of the inhabitants of the world lie at the root of that quiet, irresistible authority which Mrs. Brightwen could exercise over a whitethroat, Dorothea Dix over a lunatic, and every true mother over her child? Is it not this which sometimes makes it possible for children to play with dogs or horses which would prove dangerous to men and women? One sometimes wonders whether this principle does not operate between man and the plants, when we have heard a person of discordant spirit say, "Every thing I touch withers," while another, of different nature, says, "I don't know how it is, but every slip I put in the soil grows!"

\* "Eliza Brightwen; the Life and Thoughts of a Naturalist." Edited by W. H. Chesson, with Introduction and Epilogue by Edmund Gosse. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

We opened the pages of this latest "Life and Thoughts of a Naturalist" with a degree of alacrity that was doomed to meet with some disappointment. The volumes by which Mrs. Brightwen is so widely and deservedly known, led us to anticipate a feast of good things in the way of research and adventure with nature when her personality was more fully revealed to us. The "Life" however consists of an autobiography covering her early years, followed by a diary, and Mr. Gosse, to whose hands the manuscript was confided, to be used at his discretion when the time came, wisely intimates in his prefatory note that the book is not likely to prove attractive to the general reader. The commonplaces of an uneventful life do not make good reading unless they are enlivened by a clever pen, to which the subject of this article never laid claim. Allusions to the creatures which so engrossed her attention are scanty. If left to form an opinion of the author from the autobiographical notes alone, one might run the risk of doing her the injustice to suppose that her supreme interest lay in drawing-room meetings of the Church Missionary Society. Excessive respect for clerical teaching, which is not distinguished for its promotion of sound science, even betrayed one whose observations of nature were unerring into the heresy that all animals before the Fall, and all the prophets since, were strict vegetarians. Mr. Gosse's discriminative introduction enables us to appreciate the heroic aspects of his aunt's character which the modesty of the diary only partially reveals.

Born at Banff in 1830, Eliza Brightwen lost her mother at the age of seven, when she was adopted by her uncle Alexander Elder, of the publishing house of Smith, Elder & Co. She came to London in a sailing vessel, and in the neighbourhood of the City her earlier years were for the most part spent. Her life was very lonely. She had no playfellows, and while her kind uncle was devoted to her, her aunt, in whose company she necessarily passed much of her time, was a woman of harsh and unsympathetic disposition. Endowed with a timid and nervous temperament, the child suffered much from fear and loneliness. Thus, as again late in life, in those early days she turned to nature, and found in birds, and animals, and flowers, the joys and companionships which she missed among her own kind. At the age of twenty-five she roused the indignation of her aunt, who was treasuring up on her niece's behalf more exalted hopes, by marrying Mr. George Brightwen. Some years after they bought and settled down at the Grove, a beautiful estate at Stanmore on the borders of Middlesex and Herts, destined to become so familiar to all readers of Mrs. Brightwen's books. It was long, however, before she could enjoy the delights of her charming home. Her health, which had always been fragile, broke down completely, and for the next ten years she remained in a condition of physical and mental prostration. Then her husband fell ill, and as he grew more helpless, she was roused from her own sufferings to wait upon him. It was expected that his death in 1883 would prove fatal to her—"On the contrary, fresh respon-

sibilities and a sense of freedom, combined to rouse the faculties of the sufferer, and unconsciously she began to recover an interest in life, and a happy curiosity in the movement of natural objects. It was now that her real existence began." She turned for consolation to the society of the creatures which knew nothing of her troubles. Her own gardens and woods were a new world to her. Too weak at first to go far, as strength increased she ventured to explore the lawns and shrubberies; she wandered round the lake, and even embarked in a boat upon it. She gathered a veritable menagerie of pets about her, and converted the billiard room into a museum to hold her ever increasing collection of specimens. Going to bed at nine, she was up at five in the morning to carry on her investigations into the habits of wild creatures at the time of day when they may best be watched. Notes were accumulated until their value becoming realised by her friends, she was persuaded to write a small volume. At first she shrank from the project, but presently set herself to the task with the sense that precious things are owned to be shared. "She saw that authorship, like any other trade, has to be learned," and therefore although in her sixtieth year, she "set herself assiduously to the task of arranging phrases, balancing sentences, and building paragraphs." The result was her first book, "Wild Nature won by Kindness," which has had a wide circulation, and has been translated into several other languages. Nothing came amiss to her eager curiosity, and she rediscovered for herself with the delight of a child the commonplaces of science set down in text books which she did not read. Her courage in the endurance of chronic pain and weakness, and her defiance of the depression which so frequently attacked her, were remarkable. A lively sense of humour relieved the tension, and the ready response of her versatile temperament would lift her suddenly out of darkness into light. Of this, a telling illustration is recorded. "She was over seventy years of age, and she was lying in deep suffering and gloom on the sofa in her drawing-room, when it was announced to her that the long lost brood of her wild ducks had returned of their own free will, and were at that moment walking in Indian file up the field below the farm. She instantly sprang to her feet, slipped out of the room, floated across the lawn, and laying her hands lightly on a stone vase beside the balustrade, leaped upon the parapet, from which she could command a broad view of the meadow. The action was that of a young girl of sixteen, and it was performed by an old lady who was a moment before the most woe-begone of invalids."

Mrs. Brightwen died on May 5, 1906, in her seventy-sixth year. Her little friends were with her to the last—two squirrels gambolling on the toilet table and a robin seated on the edge of her cup, while the cuckoo calling from the boughs of the great tulip tree opposite her bedroom window awakened the last flash from her sympathetic eyes.

The fellowship of nature was the fresh glad side of the genuine piety which sustained her throughout life. To her there was no partition between religion



and science, and her care for the lowlier creatures, so far from tending to alienate her from humanity, quickened, as it should, her thought and service to mankind and her humble trust in the one Lord of life and love.

"He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

H. M. LIVENS.

#### PAGEANTS, MIRACLE PLAYS, AND MORALITIES.\*

NEAR the town of Bude, in Cornwall, and close to its ancient church, the traveller may find a curious depression in the soil. It is oval in shape, and falls in several terraces from the surface of the land. Another such, but round, and raised above the ground, is said to exist in the parish of St. Just near the Land's End. Inquiry elicits the information that these are several hundred years old, and that they form what may be called the ancient theatres of Cornwall. Richard Carew, who wrote a survey of Cornwall, first printed in 1602, tells us that they were used even in his day.—"The quasy miracle, in English, a miracle play, is a kind of interlude, compiled in Cornish out of some Scripture history," he says, and "for representing it, they raise an earthen amphitheatre in some open field, having the diameter of his enclosed playne some 40 or 50 feet. The country people flock from all sides, many miles off, to hear and see it; for they have therein devils and devies, to delight as well the eye as the eare; the players conne not their parts without booke, but are prompted by one called the Ordinary, who followeth at their back with the booke in his hand, and telleth them softly what they must pronounce aloud."

Such is one account of that dramatic representation of Scriptural stories in which, for more than three centuries, our forefathers in all parts of the country took delight. The earliest date for such a presentation is 1268, and is somewhat doubtful; the latest is 1594, and each of these dates is connected with the same town, Chester. But in one form or another, as miracle play or mystery or pageant, they were played throughout the country, and whole series exist of those which were produced at Coventry, Wakefield, Chester, and York. These have been edited by some of our ablest scholars, and printed for the members of various learned societies, but until the last few years no attempt has been made to place them within the reach of the general public. The appearance of a volume containing a selection from each series, together with specimens of the later interludes, marks a point of high daring on the part of the publishers. The reason is doubtless to be found in the success which attended the recent reproduction of the *Everyman* morality, and it is a matter of poetic justice that this public appeal should be made through the medium of the "Everyman" library.

The history of these ancient dramatic

efforts is now pretty fairly established. Instituted first of all in the churches as liturgy plays, and given at Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide and other festivals, they were intended to present to the eye of the worshipper the chief facts in the birth, life, and death of Jesus. The mere consideration of space drove them out of the church itself into the churchyard or some adjoining meadow, for to view them the people came from long distances, camping out in the neighbourhood during the days of the festival. Professor Skeat has shown that some of these early liturgical plays date back to the tenth century; it is to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries we must look for those cycles of pageants which were performed by the trades guilds in the towns. These seemed to have been played almost universally on the feast of Corpus Christi, and to have spread by degrees throughout the land, from Newcastle-on-Tyne in the North to Lydd and New Romney in the South-east, and Cornwall in the South-west. In Essex alone no less than twenty-one towns and villages had their pageants; and the rivalry of trade with trade would secure a continuous attempt to attain a measure of excellence in production.

The words used by the actors were undoubtedly in the first instance written by churchmen. But in the course of time the native wit of the performers led them to introduce business of their own, and this will account for the presence of passages which cannot be attributed to the clerics. Thus there is the well-known incident in the Chester Pageant of *The Deluge*, where Noah's wife refuses to enter the ark unless she may bring her gossips with her, and being at last conquered by her husband, rewards him with a slap. Another such incident is in the Coventry *Nativity* play, wherein the "three jolly shepherds" present to the new-born babe, the first his pipes, the second his hat, and the third his mittens. Most amusing of all is the scene in the Wakefield *Nativity* play where Mac and his wife attempt to secure a sheep they have stolen from the three shepherds who have come to seek it, by hiding it in a cradle and declaring it to be a child. In these and in other incidents the broad humours of folk-comedy break through the scriptural web, and would doubtless be highly appreciated by the spectators. In them we may see the beginnings of the drama which was at length to sweep the pageants aside, and which was beginning to come into its own even while some of them remained.

Chief of all the contents of this volume is the morality of *Everyman*, "the noblest interlude of death the religious imagination of the middle ages has given to the stage." Of this nothing more need now be said, for all who care for such matters went to see it played when semi-private enterprise recently put it on the stage. None who has witnessed it is likely to forget the experience, or to forget the beauty of the plain old English in which it is written. In the present volume this, and the rest of the plays therein reproduced, is presented in modern spelling—all save the Wakefield pageant of *The Harrowing of Hell*, which is printed exactly as it was written. A very short experiment will prove that by reading this aloud the

difficulties presented to the sight will vanish—with the exception of a word or phrase here and there, it is modern English to the ear.

We cannot sufficiently thank the publishers for this bold entry into the field of our ancient literature. There are many such books which badly need to be placed within the reach of the student's slender purse, and we trust that this experiment will be sufficiently successful to encourage them to give us more. FELIX TAYLOR.

#### A NOBLE ORTHODOXY.\*

WHO could have believed it?—that the man who wrote "From Gerson to Grotius" and the man who wrote "The Gospel and Human Needs," the Birbeck Lecturer of 1900 and the Hulsean Lecturer of 1908-1909 is one and the same person. The historian and the literary executer of Lord Acton had all the restraint of the 'varsity don—that ascetic austerity of style which regards a purple epithet as a stain upon literary chastity. But the new member of the Community of the Resurrection, coruscates with brilliant wit; he is flamboyant with splendid rhetoric and almost theatrical in his pathos and prophetic fierceness. What has happened? I do not know; but I should be astonished if in the meantime Dr. Figgis had not passed through some inner crisis and changed his whole intellectual attitude and world-view. He will be the first to compliment me on my shrewdness and to smile at the irony of it if, judging from merely internal evidence, my higher critical guess turns out to be the truth. At any rate, whatever has happened, it has happened for good. He has given us a capital book which every ministerial reader of the *INQUIRER* ought to make it a point of conscience to read. He is a fine foe whom it is an honour to salute; he is also a brave ally whom it is a joy to welcome.

Let me try to explain. Like most cultivated moderns he has broken with scientific agnosticism and also with naturalistic theism. He cannot conceal his contempt for a religion which does not treat science as a conceptual subordinate and defy its intellectual despotism. He is all for the attitude of wonder, for the recognition of the perpetual and recurring miracle of life, for "the inexhaustible faith of childhood, its infinite and inalienable romance." So far many of us can sympathise if not entirely agree with him. He has drunk deep of the strong wine of revolt. But it is a revolt against anarchy, the sacramental wine of the disciplined order of the Church. He is learned of course as a historian of his distinction needs must be. But he has lived through all the pedantries; he has grown out of the obstinate superstitions of that most conservative of the cults—the cult of "advanced men." And the disillusionment has left him exulting in a new found vitality. He has become an exuberantly happy warrior who understands not only the weary age-long conflict of the human spirit, but also these hot and dusty skirmishes of our later day. It would be difficult to find a

\* "Everyman, and other Interludes: including Eight Miracle Plays." (J. M. Dent & Co. 1s. net.)

\* "The Gospel and Human Needs." The Hulsean Lectures, 1908-9, with additions by John Neville Figgis, Litt.D. (Longmans, 4s. 6d. net.)



book so freshly modern and yet so frankly mediæval.

The antithesis is, I am well aware, profoundly false, for in many respects the mediævalists are the most modern spirits of our time. St. Francis is undoubtedly more up to date than Mr. Rockefeller. But Dr. Figgis is modern in the sense that he is familiar with current scepticism and naturalism in all their manifold phrases. It is this that makes his orthodoxy so interesting and so formidable. He is versed in the books that undergraduates are buying and reading. He is fully acquainted not merely with the literature of "Modernism" in its narrower meaning, but with decadent poetry like that of the ill-fated Davidson, with lovely paganism like those of Mr. Lowes Dickinson, and common-sense sanities like Mr. G. K. Chesterton's. He has read Mr. Blatchford the Socialist, and Mr. Mallock the Anti-Socialist, Professor Bergson and his devoted admirer, Professor William James. He has studied the utterances of Sir Oliver Lodge and the Rev. R. J. Campbell, Mr. G. H. Wells, and Mr. Bernard Shaw; he quotes from the *Hibbert Journal*; and the result of it all is that he has rediscovered Christianity and finds that the old faith is the one new faith that will fit the facts of human nature, that while our novel heresies are as futile as the "snows of yesteryear," orthodoxy abides like the everlasting hills. He out-modernises Modernism, and makes slashing inroads upon it in the name of the faith once and for all delivered to the saints.

The book may not be sound theology, but (what is even more important) it is significant theology, the theology that readers of the *INQUIRER* will find it well to reckon with unless they mean to be a quarter of a century behind the times. The book is also an absorbing bit of literature, a rare example of what thrilling preaching may be in our generation. In its pages may be found a right haughty courtesy of speech (with an occasional lapse, as for instance when he refers to Mr. Campbell), a proud chivalry of bearing—or shall we call it a certain lofty humility—broken by sudden mockeries of almost cruel laughter. He wastes no time in mere compliments, he flashes a naked sword with newly-ground edge. He smiles indeed, but it is that cryptic renaissance smile of Mona Lisa. The lips (as I see them through the printed word) curl somewhat sadly but dangerously. There is a fanatical gleam in the eye, and his blade plays prettily, but plays only like the lightning for its final fatal thrust. We have all met this man before somewhere, though we are not quite sure where. Is he one of the alternating personalities of our own inner republic, that picturesque, rather sentimental rebel against the cold usurper Reason?

Is he that poetic being slain again and again yet immortally alive in the breast of humanity; never vanquished except by violence, therefore never vanquished at all because never caressed and converted, never thoroughly loved and transfigured into the loyal sanity of a unified mind? Listen to him as he publicly exposes the innermost struggle. "I do not write this for want of feeling the force of opposite

views. There is hardly a difficulty here touched which has not at times threatened to overwhelm the writer; indeed they do still. Any lack of sympathy which the hostile may discern is to be attributed to the enemy being felt within no less than without."<sup>2</sup> That is the kind of candour of which we have far too little in the religious world. It is a sentence that explains the revived insistence on corporate ecclesiastical dogma. It is the weakness within crying: Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth. Later on we have a similar confession. "And if for this faith I stand to-day, I ask you to believe that it is not to make vain show, or to shatter in argument a disdained opponent. To others faith is the bright serenity of unclouded vision; to me it is the angel of agony, the boon of daily and hourly conflict. In these years as God's priest I have felt the pressure of crowding doubts, and learned in bitterness that to give up agnostic views may yet leave one far from the Kingdom of God—farther save by His grace, than ever before." A man who can thus strip himself naked in the pulpit is a man to whom we must "listen with the bowed head of spiritual reverence, however vehemently our intellect may repudiate his theology. He rarely pleads; he hurls himself with a defiant abandon on the unbelieving and inhibiting forces of the world. He challenges your thin superficial rationalism in the name of Revelation, Mystery, the Historic Christ, and the psychologically impossible fact of the forgiveness of sins. His challenge is sometimes so intense with tears that it must needs check itself in flippancy. He reminds me of a certain politician, perhaps the most brilliant and passionate of our day. It was at the time of the South African war, and he concluded a speech of amazing power with a peroration that burnt clean through all the conventional restraints of the platform and left the audience gasping with excess of emotion. As he sat down he turned to the man who sat next to him, and in the midst of the thunder of cheering, he said "Eloquent wasn't it,—come out and have a drink." But it was the peroration that was the man; the flippancy was only a cloak thrown hastily over a nude soul under the gaze of the multitude.

Of course, we haven't this kind of remark in these pages, but there are some sentences that seem to me to serve the same kind of protective purpose. But in addition to this emotional power, he has the dramatic gift for the unexpected, the faculty to startle with surprise. He loves the shock of antitheses, the crash of a complete collision. I take not the best illustration of this, but the one that happens to come to hand. "'God is Great,' the cry of the Moslems, is a truth which needed no supernatural being to teach men. That *God is little*, that is the truth which Jesus taught," that "it is of the nature of love to be infinitely minute."<sup>2</sup>

These sermons are bright with many memorable sentences. "There is something wrong about your religion when the world does not think it silly." "People talk of the Church in danger—the Church is always in danger; the miracle is not in her weakness but in her existence. The betting is always on the devil." "The

Church is the supreme historical document." So one might continue with a catena of a hundred quotations.

I have not attempted to review or to criticise the book. My object has been to tantalise and to send the reader to the volume that he may recognise in its spirit the very enemy who is fighting our own liberal Christianity, and also the very comrade who is fighting the fashionable and cultured heathenism of our day.

As I read the book the question suggested itself again and again to me—What is your own reply to all this? I do not want to say anything irritating, but if I am to be honest I must confess that I felt how pathetically impotent would be any sectarianism of the "Unitarian stamp," which we have heard about lately. I believe that only a Free Catholic faith of yet more daring vision can stand up against this kind of preaching, because only a Free Catholic faith can inspire a church-life which will make the anglo-catholicism of the author appear for what it really is—a merely passing and provincial schism. In his own words, "Whatever Christianity is, or is not, it is not commonplace or respectable and good sense always condemns it. It is not to pleasant days, and well-fashioned lives, and sheltered peace that Christ summons you, but tears and the splendour of sacrifice, and the height and depth of lives lived in warfare, a world of wonder and of joy, but of anguish and of agony. Riot paints a city red, religion dyes the whole world purple."

J. M. LLOYD THOMAS.

#### THE UNITARIAN VAN MISSION.

MEETINGS have been held every night in each district during the past week, and the evenings have been much milder as a rule, although rain and cold have not been entirely absent. From Wales and the Midlands come tidings of enthusiastic, eager and sympathetic gatherings of the kind that we were accustomed to last season. Scotland reports good meetings, with, however, audiences ruling lower than Mr. Russell has been having in other places; but as he has now returned to Stenhousemuir, the scene of the notable meetings of last summer, and where a convention of our Scotch churches is to be held to-day, June 19, it may be expected that next week's notes will record large attendances. The London Van still attracts only tiny audiences. Some of our best missionaries have been the speakers, and with Mr. Barnes as lay missionary it may be assumed that everything that is likely to conduce to the success of the meetings is done. But since leaving Weybridge scarcely any satisfactory meetings from the point of view of numbers have been held. Fortunately, this is not the only aspect of the work, and much good has been done in conversation with individuals that is not always possible when a crowd attends. But it is obvious that a much better impression is left in a district when the Mission is remembered for the amount of general interest it attracted than when it passes away comparatively unknown. Extra literature is distributed in these difficult districts, and in places hundreds of pamphlets are



taken from house to house in the hope that if not the spoken word, at least the printed page may find a response. The concluding meetings at Staines elicited many approving remarks, and Rev. H. B. Smith was thanked for the work of the Mission. The next place was Slough, where admirable meetings were held last year, and it was hoped that the success would be repeated. Some of the best friends of the Mission reside here also, and there were suggestions for further efforts being made during the winter months. Under these circumstances the result is a little disappointing. It has, however, been ascertained that some who were opposed to the Mission a year ago have meanwhile changed their opinion of our work, and on this occasion have shown their sympathy, and if we have the knowledge that the Mission has proved a means of grace and a changed life to others, the numerical aspect of the matter may be set aside. Mr. Smith was succeeded by Rev. J. M. Whiteman, who missioned in Slough last year, and Rev. Delta Evans was also present and acted as chairman on Friday night. This week the van is at Uxbridge and the Revs. Morgan Whiteman, W. G. Tarrant, Delta Evans, and F. Summers are the missionaries. The Van will move to Rickmansworth on Monday.

The Mission in Wales has had a fine series of meetings, and in every way the reports are gratifying. At Penrhiwceiber Rev. D. J. Evans found a quick response to his addresses, which proved of special benefit to a number of young men who have been made to suffer for their advanced theological views. Questions came from progressive leaguers and atheists, and the missionaries report that the town was thoroughly roused. It seems to have been the same at Mountain Ash, where Rev. H. Fisher Short was missionary, and where hostile questions came from a solicitor, a Baptist minister, who announced a meeting of his own to give the true view of the Bible; and from others, including a curate, who asked to be allowed to speak from the van, and charged the missionary on refusal with being afraid of hearing the other side, but declined a challenge to public debate on a neutral platform. There was a fine closing meeting, with much approval of the Mission, and a request for an extension of the visit. The kindness of a few local friends should be acknowledged, and it should also be stated that assistance was rendered by Rev. M. Evans and Mr. John Lewis in the conduct of the meetings.

The main interest of the week has centred in the doings of the Midland van, which, after a single meeting conducted by Rev. W. G. Topping, at Princes End, returned to Tipton, where, as already reported, an unwarranted attack had been made upon the Mission. Rev. F. Hall came over specially to renew his acquaintance with the Tipton crowds, and found a thousand people waiting for him the first night and a still larger number the second. On the Wednesday the rain fell so heavily that although over a hundred were present it was decided to abandon. Towards nine o'clock, however, the storm passed, and as some 500 people at once put in an appearance a meeting was held. The meetings were strongly on

the side of the Mission, but the proceedings were not allowed to pass without some bitter opposition, and attempts to drown the proceedings with the singing of orthodox hymns. The audience, however, preferred the Mission hymns which were offered as an alternative. For the first time in the history of the Mission some damage was done through the roughness of school children, who pelted the van during the absence of Mr. Talbot, and did it with impunity, realising that Mr. Hall's blindness prevented him interfering with their mischief. At the end of the week the van was taken to Horsley End, at Dudley Port, where other fine meetings were held. The first of these was conducted by Mr. Hall, and on the Sunday evening, when the final meeting was held, Rev. W. G. Topping led the devotions. Here nothing but kindness was experienced, and at the close of the service there was a great leave-taking with many friends from Coseley, Oldbury, and Dudley, who have followed the van during its stay in the district and rendered invaluable help. Next morning Mr. Talbot left early for Sutton Coldfield, where he was visited by Rev. W. C. Wendte, secretary of the International Conference, who was on his way to Berlin in connection with the Conference for next year. There were many people about, but, greatly to the regret of our friends, the police emphatically prohibited any meeting, and followed the missionaries so as to prevent them holding a meeting either with or without the van. Mr. Wendte will no doubt carry away with him a new idea as to the freedom of speech which is supposed to be a reality here. Sutton, however, is the first place which has given no quarter to the Mission. It is strange, stranger even than the abuse which has been poured upon the legend of "Truth, Liberty and Religion" which the van carries, after the example of many of our most respected institutions, and which has this week been assailed as arrogance, dogmatic in its implication, and generally distasteful to fair-minded men.

#### DETAILS OF THE MEETINGS.

**LONDON DISTRICT.**—Staines, June 7, 150; Slough, June 8 to 13, six meetings, attendance, 385.

**MIDLANDS.**—Princes End, June 7, attendance, 700; Tipton, June 8 to 10, three meetings, attendance, 1,750; Horsley End, June 11 to 13, three meetings, attendance, 1,525.

**WALES.**—Penrhiwceiber, June 7 to 9, three meetings, attendance, 650; Mountain Ash, June 10 to 13, four meetings, attendance, 1,470.

**SCOTLAND.**—Camelon, June 7 to 13, seven meetings, attendance, 2,450.

**TOTALS.**—June 7 to 13, 28 meetings, attendance, 10,080. Average: 360.

Communications to Thos. P. Spedding, Clovercroft, Buckingham-road, Heaton Chapel, near Stockport.

**UNITARIAN VAN, STENHOUSEMUIR.**—On Sunday morning, June 6, I preached as usual in the Universalist Church, and in the evening I went to Falkirk and lectured to a large audience. Every evening, from Monday, June 7, to Saturday, June 12, I lectured at Camelon, and had to remain

until past 10 o'clock answering questions. The meetings at Camelon have not been so large as those at Falkirk Cross. On Sunday, June 13, I again preached in the Universalist Church, and in the evening went to Falkirk and spoke to a fine audience. Many of the friends at Falkirk are asking, What is to follow? I am hoping that something permanent will result. On Friday I dedicated a little child in Falkirk, and next Wednesday I have to perform a similar ceremony. On Saturday I went to Bonnybridge and attended the children's gala, but was in Camelon in time for the evening lecture. I brought my van to the Tryst ground this morning. We are arranging for a Unitarian Convention here on Saturday, June 19.

E. P. RUSSELL.

#### YORKSHIRE UNITARIAN UNION.

##### ANNUAL MEETINGS.

THE annual meetings of the Yorkshire Unitarian Union were held at the Chapel Lane Chapel, Bradford, on Saturday, and were well attended. A business meeting was held in the afternoon, with the President (Mr. Grosvenor Talbot) in the chair, and various reports on the work of the Union were made. The Rev. A. H. Dolphin presented the committee's report, which stated that with a view to promoting efficiency with economy an effort would be made next year to group together some of the churches for work and combined effort. This course had become an absolute necessity if they were to continue the work of the Union at anything like its present scale. The report dealt with many other phases of the work, and placed on record the loss that had been sustained through the death of Sir John Ward (Leeds), Mr. James Boyle (Sheffield), Mr. E. B. Stott (Halifax), and Mr. J. B. Wostinholm (Sheffield).

The financial statement presented by Mr. J. T. Dodgson (treasurer) showed an expenditure of £872 on mission work, and a balance in hand of about £14. The unsatisfactory feature of the report was a diminution in receipts from annual subscribers and collectors.

The district minister (the Rev. John Ellis) in the course of his report reviewed the propaganda work that had been done during the year, and said that whilst it might not be possible to trace any additions to church membership to the efforts, they had been well worth the trouble if only for the enthusiasm aroused in the workers. In acknowledging the debt of gratitude which the church owed to its lay preachers, the district minister pointed out that seventeen of the men on their list had conducted 169 services during the year. Having recounted the ministerial changes—for which the past year was remarkable—Mr. Ellis stated that the reports from the assisted churches had been more encouraging than in former years. Generally the note struck was one of hopefulness and courage.

The reports were approved on the motion of the President, seconded by the Rev. W. R. Shanks.

The thanks of the Union were given to the retiring officers, and the following



officers were appointed for the ensuing year:—President, Mr. Grosvenor Talbot; vice-presidents, Mr. G.E. Verity and Mr. J. T. Dodgson; treasurer, Mr. Julius Hess; secretary, the Rev. A. H. Dolphin; auditor, Mr. J. Thornton.

The meeting was immediately followed by a service, at which the preacher was the Rev. R. Travers Herford, of Manchester.

#### EVENING CONFERENCE.

During the evening a conference was held. The President occupied the chair during the first part of the proceedings, and the Rev. Charles Hargrove (Leeds) subsequently.

At the outset the President moved that the best thanks of the Union be accorded to the lay preachers for their devoted services during the past year. Mr. Arnold Wadsworth seconded the resolution, and it was carried with acclamation. Mr. F. Clayton (Leeds) responded on behalf of the Lay Preachers, of which body he is president.

Thanks were accorded to the Rev. R. Travers Herford for the sermon which he had delivered in the afternoon, on the motion of Mr. W. Laycock, seconded by Mr. J. Sagar. The reverend gentleman suitably acknowledged the compliment.

The President extended a cordial welcome to the representatives of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association (Miss Helen Brooke Herford), the North and East Lancashire Unitarian Mission (the Rev. R. T. Herford), and the Manchester District Association of Presbyterian and Unitarian Churches (Mr. J. Wigley).

Miss Helen Brooke Herford in responding appealed for greater unity amongst Unitarian women, and for increased support for the Women's League.

Mr. Wigley said it was a strange thing that when a favourable wave was passing around them outside, their church was not feeling more of the encouragement that should come from the extension of the views which they held so dear and closely at heart. What was the reason they did not attract more of those people whose opinions were in sympathy with their own? He believed it was to be found in fear—fear of being suspected of emotionalism and religious formalism. He was inclined to think they carried that fear much too far, and if they would only let themselves go and serve God in real earnest with heart and soul as well as with mind, he thought they would find their numbers augmented. (Applause.)

On the motion of the Rev. C. Hargrove, seconded by the Rev. W. Rosling, a resolution was passed recording high appreciation of the faithful ministries of the Rev. Andrew Chalmers at Westgate Chapel, Wakefield, since 1880, and of the Rev. E. Ceredig Jones at Chapel Lane Chapel, Bradford, since 1885, and wishing them many years of happiness in their retirement. Good wishes were sent to the Revs. W. Stephens, J. Ruddle, and Ottwell Binns, who have left the district for duty elsewhere, and a hearty welcome was given to the Rev. W. L. Schroeder, Lucking Tavenor, Joseph Wain, and G. A. Ferguson and Mr. Leonard Short, who since the last annual meeting had taken charge of the congregations at Halifax, Lydgate, Scarborough, Pudsey, and Stannington

respectively. The Rev. Lucking Tavenor returned thanks on behalf of his colleagues and himself.

#### WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

The conference then discussed a number of matters of political and social importance. Mrs. J. W. Cannon moved the following resolution:—

"That this meeting, recognising the necessity of the co-operation of women with men in the administration of public affairs, rejoices in the success which already has attended the practical acknowledgment of the right of women to enter into public life, and prays for the time when the disability of sex will no longer be a disqualification for a full share in our national life."

Having deplored the fact that the English were still the slaves of tradition, Mrs. Cannon said those who had watched the progress of the women's movement knew how slowly it had moved—sometimes its steps had been backward instead of forward. Still the time had now arrived when it was generally recognised that the opponents of women's suffrage were fighting their last battle. The influence of women was wanted in politics and public work generally and their power to help was in their womanliness. After drawing illustrations from the experience in other lands where women enjoy the franchise, and instancing the work of women on public bodies in England, Mrs. Cannon claimed that she had proved that women were fitted for and worthy of public and political responsibility. The extension of the franchise to them would be the most far-reaching reform of modern times. (Applause.)

The Rev. W. R. Shanks, in seconding the resolution, urged that the question of women's suffrage should be considered impersonally and as a practical issue. He claimed that if woman had proved herself capable of doing certain work as well as man could, there was no reason why she should not be allowed to do it. If she came along and claimed a pulpit he was ready to welcome her, and he thought the same might be said of other professions.

The resolution was approved without opposition.

#### THE ARMAMENT SCARE.

The next resolution was moved by the Rev. C. J. Street, and was worded as follows:—

"That this meeting, believing that international peace is essential for the world's welfare and represents the spirit for which Christianity stands, strongly condemns all attempts to foster the war spirit and stir up jealousies between nations. It deplores the growing tendency to increase instead of to diminish armaments, because of the intolerable burden thereby laid on the community, the encouragement given to the fomentation of strife, and the contradiction shown to the principles of religion; and it pleads for resort to international arbitration as the right method of settling disputes, urging that this country should lead the way in removing any obstacles to this desirable end."

The mover of the resolution deprecated the fostering of the war spirit, which, he said, was serious and dangerous. He

believed the yellow press was largely responsible for it. But happily there were still many of our newspapers which they could respect and admire, but there was a grave danger in too many of them getting into the hands of large syndicates.

On the side of the campaign for increased armaments and the promotion of the war spirit were also ranged the professional fighters, whose business was war. He felt that many of the boys' brigades as at present managed were also helping to promote the same evil spirit. (Applause.) He would not have connected with any church of which he was minister a boys' brigade which was connected with the destructive spirit. He believed in the discipline of boys' brigades and was pleased to think that the brigades connected with the Unitarian Church sought the means of saving life, and not the destroying of it.

Mr. J. H. Brooks, in seconding the resolution, said that during the last few months there had been a demand for a substantial increase of our naval construction programme, but as shown by the protests against the increased taxation under the Budget, no section of the community was prepared to pay for the increased cost of armaments. We had been told that we cannot afford old age pensions and social reform, but how many reforms we could afford but for the tremendous expenditure on armaments!

The resolution was carried by a unanimous vote.

#### POOR LAW REFORMS.

The next resolution, briefly moved by the Rev. C. Hargrove, was as follows:—

"That this meeting expresses its gratitude for the labours of the Royal Poor Law Commission, and regards the publication of the Majority and Minority Reports of the Commission as an event of first-rate importance in our social history. That this meeting trusts that Parliament will give an early consideration to the proposals contained in the reports, and will enter upon a thorough reconstruction of the methods and institutions for dealing with poverty and unemployment."

The Rev. H. McLachlan, in seconding the resolution, urged that the churches were essentially interested in the question of Poor Law reform. The Christian churches ought to make up their minds on certain fundamental principles, viz., the provision of work for those who want work, the relief of those who cannot work, and the punishment of those who would not work. (Applause.)

The resolution was agreed to.

#### THE LATE DR. E. E. HALE.

The Rev. C. Hargrove moved a resolution placing on record the regret of the meeting at the death of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, whom he described as the Grand Old Man of American Unitarianism. He said he never knew another man who combined so much wisdom, humour, strength, and sympathy as he did.

The Rev. A. H. Dolphin seconded the resolution, and the members of the conference signified their approval by rising in their places.

A vote of thanks to the members of the local congregation for their hospitality concluded the conference.



## NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

[Notices and Reports for this Department should be as brief as possible, and be sent in by Wednesday, or Thursday Morning at latest.]

## APPEAL.

**George's Row.**—Rev. F. Summers writes: "Will you oblige by allowing me to appeal to kind friends for assistance for the getting up of the annual Sunday-school excursion? Although the parents are very poor, every child pays part of the cost. I am, however, compelled to beg for outside help.—Domestic Mission, George's-row, St. Luke's, E.C."

**Brighton.**—A cordial expression of respect and goodwill to Mr. G. Thompson was made at a social evening arranged for the purpose on Tuesday last, June 15. Mr. Thompson is leaving Brighton after about forty years of faithful service to the church and Sunday-school. At the meeting Sir Thomas E. Fuller presided, and expressed in feeling words the general regret at parting with Mr. Thompson and esteem for him and his services. Rev. Priestley Prime and Miss Boys also spoke, and Alderman Wilson presented to the guest of the evening a purse of gold as a token of respect and goodwill from his many friends in church and school.

**Flowery Field, Hyde (Appointment).**—At a general meeting of this congregation, held on Sunday last, the committee's invitation to Mr. Jno. Stone Burgess, student at the Home Missionary College, Manchester, to become minister of this church, and his acceptance thereof, was unanimously confirmed by the members. Mr. Burgess will, therefore, probably commence his ministry some time in August.

**Gateshead: Unity Church.**—On Sunday last, June 13, special services were conducted by the Rev. James C. Street, of Shrewsbury, when crowded congregations attended to listen to the reverend gentleman whose name is still held in affectionate regard by large numbers of people who remember his ministry in the neighbouring city of Newcastle-on-Tyne. In the morning Mr. Street took for his subject "The Heavenly Country," and in the evening "A City without a Temple." His eloquent and inspiring addresses created a profound impression. Friends from the congregations of Newcastle, Byker, Choppington, South Shields, and Sunderland joined with us in our worship.

**Pentre and Treorchy, Rhondda.**—The little band of worshippers that have kept so well together here, despite difficulties, trials, and losses from their ranks, will no more be vexed by the taunting question being asked them, "When are you going to sell your Christless little chapel?" for lately their ranks have been strengthened by some fine specimens of hard-working, earnest, level-headed Christians from the nearest orthodox churches which had become untenable to them. Since the Rev. E. R. Dennis's settlement as minister here the little church has been making progress. On Thursday, June 6, the Rev. J. Page-Hopps delivered a lecture on the "Alleged Prophecies, &c." at the Ambulance Hall, Treorchy. The lecture was much appreciated and the audience was good. The lecture took such a hold upon the listeners that there was a fine demand for copies of Mr. Page-Hopps six lectures on the same subject. All the copies there (50) were sold. The lecturer is not unknown in the Rhondda. On Sunday, June 6, the chapel was quite full, both

afternoon and evening, when Mr. Page-Hopps again delighted a most responsive audience with two inspiring discourses on "God's Pioneers" and "My Father Worketh and I Work." A friend in going out after the evening service was heard to remark: "If that old man was to come here often these people would have to sell their little chapel and buy a bigger one, or swap with some other denomination." In a fit of good nature brought on by their very successful meetings, the members have treated their little tabernacle to a long-promised new coat of cement, a much-needed new coat of paint and varnish to its windows and doors, and a new atmosphere to its interior by fixing ventilators.

**Wolverhampton: All Souls' Church.**—On June 13 Sunday-school sermons were preached by the minister, the Rev. J. A. Shaw, M.A. In the evening the church was crowded, although extra chairs had been hired. The preacher dealt with the fact of man's dependence on others for the living of a full life, and showed the folly of trying to get real good in an exclusive and selfish way. Special hymns by the children and anthems by the choir were much enjoyed. The collections taken exceeded those of last year.

## OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to the Publisher not later than Thursday Afternoon.

SUNDAY, June 20.

## LONDON.

Acton, Creffield-road, 11.15, Rev. ARTHUR HUEN; 7, Rev. FRANK K. FREESTON.  
Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Rev. J. HIPPERSON.  
Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. JOHN C. BALLANTYNE.  
Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Rev. G. C. CRESSEY, D.D.  
Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.  
Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. G. CRITCHLEY, B.A.  
Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11, Rev. FRANK K. FREESTON; 7, Rev. A. HUEN.  
Forest Gate, corner of Dunbar-road, Upton-lane, 11, Mr. H. D. LEADBETTER; 6.30, Mr. C. F. HINTON, B.A.  
Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. H. RAWLINGS, M.A.  
Hamstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15, Rev. HENRY GOW, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. STOPFORD A. BROOK, M.A.  
Highgate-hill, Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 7, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.  
Ilford, High-road, 11, Mr. JOHN CARROLL; 7, Rev. GEORGE CARTER.  
Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. WOODING, B.A.  
Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11 and 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.  
Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. CHARLES ROPER, B.A.  
Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. C. POPE.  
Little Portland-street Chapel, 11.15 and 7, Rev. J. PAGE HOPPS.  
Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. T. E. M. EDWARDS.  
Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30, Mr. S. P. PENWARDEN.  
Richmond, Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15, Rev. A. FARQUHARSON; 7, Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.  
Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Dr. F. W. G. FOAT, M.A.  
Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, P.S.M., Miss AMY WITTHALL, B.A.; and 6.30, Rev. C. W. WENDE, of Boston, Mass.  
Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.  
Wimbledon, Collegiate Hall, Worpole Road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS, B.A.  
Wood Green, Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. DR. MUMMERY.  
Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. JENKINS JONES.  
ABERYSTWITH, New Street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, E. GLYN EVANS.

BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. McDOWELL.  
BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WOOD.  
BLACKPOOL, Dickson-road, North Shore, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ROBERT MCGEE.  
BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30.  
BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. BURTON, M.A.  
BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.  
BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. GEORGE STREET.  
CANTERBURY, Ancient Chapel, Blackfriars. No Service.  
CHELTENHAM, Bayshill Unitarian Church, Royal Well Place, 11 and 7, Rev. J. FISHER JONES.  
CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.  
DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER, B.A.  
DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12 and 7, Rev. Rev. ARTHUR GOLLAND, M.A.  
GUILDFORD, Ward-street Church, North-street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. GEORGE WARD.  
HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. S. BURROWS.  
HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. J. MARTEN.  
LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. HARGROVE, M.A.  
LEICESTER, Free Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH BOND.  
LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR I. FRIPP, B.A.  
LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. J. JUPP.  
LIVERPOOL, Hope-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.  
LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton-Park, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. D. PRIESTLEY EVANS.  
MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. PERRIS.  
NEW BRIGHTON and LISCARD, Memorial Church Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. ERNEST PARRY.  
NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. RUDDIE.  
OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. CARPENTER.  
PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45.  
PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.  
SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WAIN.  
SEVENOAKS, Bessell's Green, The Old Meeting House, 11.  
SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.  
SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.  
SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. MATTHEW R. SCOTT.  
TAVISTOCK, Abbey Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. RATTENBURY HODGES.  
TORQUAY, Unity Hall, Lower Union-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR, B.D.  
TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, Dudley-road, 11, Rev. FREDERIC ALLEN.  
WEST KIRBY, Tynwald Hall, opposite Station (side door), 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. W. HAWKES.

## GERMANY.

HAMBURG, The Church of the Liberal Faith, Logenhaus, Welckerstrasse, 11. Rev. GARDNER PRESTON.

## SOUTH AFRICA.

CAPETOWN, Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

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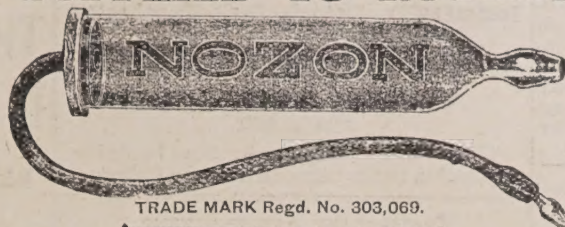
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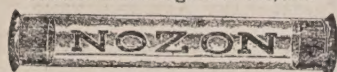
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### BIRTHS.

HALL.—On June 11, at 15, Cambridge-road, Ansdell, to Rev. and Mrs. R. J. Hall, a son.

WOODING.—On June 10, to Russell Asquith and Mildred Wooding, a son.

### MARRIAGE.

LISTER—PIGGOTT.—On Friday, June 11, 1909, at Chinley Chapel, Chinley, Derbysire, by the Rev. Christopher J. Street, M.A., LL.B., of Sheffield, John Edward Lister, A.M.I.C.E., Wh.Ex., eldest son of John K. Lister, of Sheffield, to Dorothy Margaret Piggott, elder daughter of Arthur E. Piggott, F.S.A.A., of Chinley and Manchester. At home, July 8 and 10, 19, Babworth-road, Retford.

## MANCHESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD

"The College adheres to its original principle of freely imparting Theological Knowledge, without insisting on the adoption of particular Theological Doctrines."

THE ANNUAL PROCEEDINGS in connection with the closing of the Session will take place at the College, on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, JUNE 24 and 25.

The ANNUAL MEETING of TRUSTEES will be held at 2 30 p.m., on FRIDAY, JUNE 25.

A SOIRÉE will be held on THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 24, at 8.30 o'clock, and a SHORT ADDRESS will be delivered by the Rev. H. ENFIELD DOWSON, B.A. (Chairman of the Committee), at 9.45 o'clock.

A VALEDICTORY RELIGIOUS SERVICE will be held in the College Chapel, at 8 o'clock p.m., on FRIDAY, JUNE 25.

The FAREWELL on behalf of the COLLEGE will be given by the Rev. L. P. JACKS, M.A., and the WELCOME into the MINISTRY by the Rev. F. K. FREESTON.

A. H. WORTHINGTON, B.A.,  
1, St. James'-square, Manchester.

Rev. HENRY GOW, B.A.,  
3, John-street, Hampstead, London, N.W.

Secretaries.

### Situations.

#### VACANT AND WANTED.

#### TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

KYNOCH LIMITED have VACANCIES in their Commercial Department for a few YOUNG GENTLEMEN of good Education and Manners. No Premium required. Term of Indentures four years.—Apply by letter only to the Secretary, Kynoch Limited, Witton, Birmingham.

MRS. GEOFFREY NEW wishes to recommend her GOVERNESS (experienced), disengaged in September. English, French, arithmetic (Cambridge Higher Local), violin, piano, botany, drawing.—Green Hill Park, Evesham.

MRS. BROMMAGE, Housekeeper to the late Mr. H. W. GAIR, of Liverpool, seeks similar position. Comfortable home a consideration. In the vicinity of Liverpool preferred.—9, Priorton-terrace, Mumbles-road, Swansea.

WANTED, in August, temporary post as COMPANION or HOUSEKEEPER. Unitarian.—N., INQUIRER Office, 3, Essex-street, W.C.

LADY desires temporary engagement end of July, care of invalid or any position of trust; fond of children, capable; highest references. Remuneration required.—Write, Miss JEFcoat, 98, Lancaster-gate, W.

SITUATION required as NURSE or MOTHER'S HELP. Four years' references.—H. ELLIS, 80, Princess-road, Kilburn, London, N.W.

WANTED, in September, an experienced resident ASSISTANT MISTRESS (Unitarian). Essential subjects, English and mathematics for Upper School. State age, qualifications, other subjects offered, salary required.—Apply, Miss TALBOT, B.A., Channing House School, Highgate, London, N.

### Schools, etc.

CHANNING HOUSE HIGH SCHOOL AND BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, HIGHGATE, LONDON, N. Head Mistress: Miss LILIAN TALBOT, B.A. Honours Lond. Preparation for London Matriculation, Trinity College, and Associated Board of Musicians. Healthy situation, Hockey, Cricket, and Swimming. Special terms for daughters of Unitarian ministers.—Apply to the HEAD MISTRESS.

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## Board and Residence.

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